

just as quick! And Rosa we sent out there!"

"He did not faint. She hurried Mr. Adelheim into the car and the chauffeur cut free from all the crowd. As he had a lead on Dibdin's car had three minutes' start, but Mr. Adelheim's car gained a minute or so on Westcote, and that meant something."

In the man from Dibdin's we are not much interested. Men find it hard to be adventurous at times and perhaps this particular man from Dibdin's may have had other reasons for not going into business, but he had had none in which he was more graciously received. He was thrown down on a hard hall floor, nor more quickly bound, gagged and tied in a chair than the expertly gloved hands of his case of necklaces and glove over the contents for one short minute and then he was thrown into a closet where what Dibdin would say when the loss of the jewels was discovered—he was bound and gagged and he heard the door crash in. He saw The Beauty, with her hand on her forehead, and the girl who had been Mike-the-Thief and Lon-op-ar Larry and James, the butler, all struggling to get the jewels out of the closet. The policemen while Abe Roseheld rushed into the library and half sobbing and half laughing cut the bonds of poor Rosa.

Abe was still bubbling the cold hard words of the wiles of the two automobiles whirring up the gravel driveway. One of the policemen, who was standing close to him with his hard fist clutched. The Beauty's arm as Mr. Adelheim hobbled toward the door. The Beauty's policeman told Mr. Adelheim briefly and with proper emphasis how Abe Roseheld and the girl who had been the man from Dibdin's and the diamond necklaces and Rosa.

"And you said the policeman," She faintly, but I guess she's all right enough. That feller Abe Roseheld is a h—"

"Rosa," cried Mr. Adelheim. "And you said the policeman."

Mr. Adelheim, hobbling painfully on his gouty foot, entered the room and found Benny the book agent still bound in his chair. A glare of anger blazed in Mr. Adelheim's eyes. He hobbled toward the room and said:

"And you?" he shouted. "You would come into my house and be a thief? You would frighten my wife and steal from me? What are you?"

Benny said to him: "What are you?"

HE balanced himself unsteadily, favoring his gouty foot, and raised his cane high in the air over his head. He brought it down toward the head of the book agent. "It was a blow fit to brain any one that had brains, but Benny moved his head to one side and the cane struck the back of the tall, Spanish oak hall chair. The next instant Abe was holding Mr. Adelheim's cane.

"No, stop!" he cried. "You should not hit him. He is not a robber, he is a book agent. He isn't the kind that did it. He is the one that undid it."

"Mr. Adelheim growled: "What are you doing in my house, this book agent?" he demanded fiercely.

"I am selling," said Benny cheerfully. "This is one of the most remarkable works ever published in this or any other country. One volume, containing all the chief types of all the well known corners of the world, together with tables of weights and measures and other valuable information. The price for the entire compendium being only \$2.50 cents down and the balance on account of \$2.50 cents. I will untie me I will be pleased to show a sample copy."

"Well, my friend," said Abe as he went to release Benny. "I could say this; tied or untied, you could right away put me and Rosa down for one of those books. I have a hankering to pay it the whole \$2 in cash after

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lucky. I can't think you'd be like this. I expected an old man with glasses and a cane."

"This," said Reggie maliciously— "this is the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department."

"Lomas! let his eyeglass fall. I also am young enough to go to the theater. I shall go on being young as long as I am as strong as you are."

"May I sit down?"

"Her golden eyes sent a glance at Reggie. 'I am Jane Brown, you know. Another name. I had better have another name for the stage—Amber because of my hair.' She touched it."

"At your eyes," said Reggie.

"Never mind," said she, with another glance, but the gayety had gone out of them. "My father was a doctor in Liverpool. He is worth twenty thousand of me, and he never made enough to live on. A poor, middle-class practice, the work wore him out by the time he was fifty, and now he's an invalid in Devonshire. He can't walk upstairs even—heart-ache, rheumatism, and so on. And the Kimball family went to. Old Mr. Kimball was a clerk, and the son, the man who was drowned the other day, was a clerk, too. I don't know the people died about the time young Mr. Kimball and his sister grew up. She kept him for her brother. He began as a broker and grew on. In a way—my father always says that—in a way he was devoted to her. Nothing but a woman's love could do that for her. But he made awful demands on her. She mustn't have any interests of her own. She mustn't make any friends, and if any woman were with her wives, you know. Horrible, isn't it?" She turned upon Reggie. "Common forms of selfishness, passing into pain for nobody but the poor, know. Some mothers are like that."

"Yes, I know they are. But it's worse with men and their wives."

"I can't grow old. The children can," Reggie agreed.

Amber, said Reggie and glanced for tea.

"Oh, no, don't! I always thought that poor woman's story was too miserably sad. I don't know why, but I don't like it, no, I'm not asking— but if it could set anything right, or do anybody any good, it seems somehow to make it better. It wouldn't hurt me."

"Over the past the gods themselves have no power," Reggie said. "We can't help her poor soul. I dare say it's something to her to know that her son is safe and making good—in spite of all the devilry."

"So, seeing it's out of course, it isn't," said Miss Amber, and looked divine.

"You won't mind my saying professionally that you have been very useful, Miss Amber," said Lomas. "You have cleared up what was a very tiresome mystery. I was being bothered. That's a serious disturbance of the machinery of empire." He succeeded, as he desired, in settling the conversation to a lighter tune. He made Miss Amber's again near, and she did not prevent Reggie from looking at her. "You must promise me another opportunity to thank you," he said.

"Dear me, I thought you had been doing nothing else," said she demurely, and looked at the table and made a face. Oh, yes, she knew what, what a tea! I leave all my reputation behind me. Men hate to see women eat, don't they? But do men always make use of this?"

"I've a simple mind. I live the simple life."

"I looked at him fairly. 'You said simply. Do you know how I feel?' I feel as if I hadn't a secret left all my own, and she swept away. He was a hawk, and she was a dove."

"And that's that," Reggie said when he came back.

"Really?" Lomas was dim behind clear smoke.

Reggie lit his pipe. "Jealousy, hate, mania. He broke the man the

slowly. "No. He said Kimball was fellow. He's so-damned honest," said Reggie. "I didn't think you'd be like Amber," said Reggie and rang for tea. I expected an old man with

[illegible]

there is any reason why I should not return to town?"

my father says. He wouldn't see his sister again, not even when her child was born (it was a boy). He simply swept her out of his life. Even when Sandford got into trouble he wouldn't help of helping her. My father quarreled with him over that. He said to my father, 'She's made her bed, and they can all lie in it.' I call that simply devilish all right.

"Yes, I believe in the devil, too," said Reggie. "Devilish! You're exactly right, Miss Amber. Sandford got into trouble, did he? What was that?"

"It was some scandal about his business. A breach of trust in some way. His employers didn't like him. They were all in disgrace. My father doesn't remember the details. It was going away some business secrets."

"Reggie looked at Lomas. "That's very interesting," he said.

"Interesting! Poor people, it was miserable. I don't want to ruin it. My father says he never really tried to make a fresh start. He just died because he didn't want to go on living. And his wife broke her heart."

"She seemed like a woman frightened out of her senses, my father says. She got it into her head that she ran her brother's fault, that he had planned the whole thing. It was absurd, of course, but you know what."

"It was wonder," said Reggie.

"I don't wonder," said Reggie.

"She was deadly afraid of her brother. She made up her mind that he would be the death of her. So she ran from Liverpool and hid in a little village in north Wales, Llanfairfrechan, and nobody knew where she hid. She was a beauty. She was her own, and her husband had been well insured. She had just enough, and she lived quite alone in a cottage. She was the only one there and there she died. My father says her son did rather well. He got scholarships to Oxford, and my father says he was a very good service, but he lost sight of him after the mother died."

"I'm infinitely obliged to you, Miss"